**The Finer Things**

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# The Finer Things

by vix_spes


## Summary

After discovering one of Will's secrets, Hannibal is determined to shower him in the finer things while indulging in one of his own proclivities.


## Notes

See the end of the work for notes

# Chapter 1

Will Graham was used to awkward silences. After all, he'd been responsible for more than a few over the years. However, there were awkward silences and then there was this, which was so far past awkward that it was untrue. Will just wanted the ground to open up and swallow him whole but as that wasn't going to happen, he wanted Hannibal to do something other than simply stare at him with that damned inscrutable look.

It had all been going so well or rather it had been going as well as his sessions with Hannibal usually went, which was namely they discussed the case that Will was working on amidst sarcastic comments from Will, probing questions from Hannibal and flirting from both of them while they danced around the fact that Will knew who Hannibal was and that Hannibal knew that Will knew but neither of them was talking about it.

In an attempt to stop himself from doing something incredibly stupid – namely put an end to the seemingly never-ending sexual tension and climb his therapist like a tree – Will had got up and started to wander Hannibal's office, his fingertips brushing against the spines of the books. He was aware of Hannibal's gaze following him as he meandered around the room but he had grown accustomed to Hannibal watching him so he paid it no real attention and allowed himself to get lost in thought, speaking absentmindedly as he moved. As such, he didn't hear Hannibal move – the man was as light on his feet as a cat – and was thus completely unprepared to hear Hannibal's voice in his ear, to feel the heat of his body behind Will and his breath against Will's neck.

It was tempting beyond belief to let himself sink back against Hannibal's bulk, to let his head rest against Hannibal's shoulder, to put an end to the flirting and resolve the sexual tension between them once and for all. Will had lied at their first meeting. He hadn't been interested in Hannibal; he'd been fascinated; he knew it and Hannibal knew it. That hadn't changed. Not even knowing who Hannibal was had changed that. In fact, if it was possible, knowing that Hannibal was the Chesapeake Ripper had simply made Will even more interested in the man.

Unbidden, Will's body swayed towards Hannibal and Will's ears just caught the sound of Hannibal's slight intake of breath. Turning his head, as he looked over his shoulder he could see Hannibal holding himself rigid, his eyes tightly closed as though he was trying to control himself and Will came to a decision. He wasn't sure if it was the right one but he knew that he had to take a risk or he would regret it. Taking a deep breath, he relaxed as much as he could and allowed himself to sink back into Hannibal. Hannibal's reaction was instantaneous; his hands clamping down on Will's hips and keeping him fixed in position. When Hannibal finally did speak, his voice was hoarse and tight, showing just how strictly he was keeping himself in check.

"Will … you need to be sure. If you don't want this, we'll cut your session short, you can leave and we'll speak no more of it. However, if you stay…"

Was Will sure? There was a question that Will had mulled over time and time again since he had first met the psychiatrist and doubly so since he had discovered Hannibal's alter-ego, weighing up all of the possible outcomes and ramifications that he could. He probably should have stopped thinking about it when he figured out that Hannibal was the Chesapeake Ripper but he couldn't. The darkness that lurked in Hannibal appealed to Will with a strength that both terrified and aroused him in equal measure. Will was more than sure though. If it didn't happen now then it would happen in the future; he and Hannibal were an inevitability.

Will turned his head, deliberately raising his eyes to meet Hannibal's gaze and swallowing before he spoke softly but with conviction. "I'm sure, I'm staying."

Will saw Hannibal's eyes darken in response to his words and unconsciously darted his tongue out to lick his lower lip. The supposedly innocuous gesture shattered Hannibal's self-control and Will found himself being spun around and his lips summarily claimed. He didn't hesitate for a second, instead responding with alacrity, wrapping his arms around Hannibal's broad shoulders with an eager moan.

This was completely different to the kiss that he had shared with Alana.

That kiss had been gentle and questioning, starting out as something tentative and developing slowly. This kiss with Hannibal was nothing like that. It was pure animalistic hunger, an outpouring of everything that they'd felt since they first met, all teeth and tongue. Will was hardly surprised by how dominant Hannibal was and he fought back, trying to wrest back some control before finally surrendering with a moan. His action earned him a growl of approval before he was walked backwards until he hit the ladder, a hand sliding into his hair to cradle his skull and protect it from cracking against the wood. Unable – and unwilling – to do anything but submit to Hannibal's onslaught, Will contented himself with rumpling Hannibal's pristine appearance, fisting his hands in the lapels of Hannibal's couture suit jacket and trying to pull him even closer.

Will heard a whimper and wondered at its origins before realising that the noise came from him although he was enjoying the feeling of Hannibal's lips on his finally too much to be mortified. But then, to his frustration, Hannibal's lips were leaving his and moving over his jawline before ending up resting over the pulse point there with Hannibal's nose buried beneath Will's ear. That was the last thing that Will wanted. He knew that Hannibal claimed to have a superior olfactory sense – it was simply a weird fixation with smelling people if you asked Will – but now was not the time for Hannibal to indulge himself. Deciding to wrest back control, Will raked his hands through Hannibal's hair, taking great delight in dishevelling the ash-blond strands from their usually slicked-back and perfectly groomed look and pulled Hannibal's lips back to his own.

This time, it was Will's tongue that traced the seam of Hannibal's lips, prying them apart before delving inside and tangling with Hannibal's tongue. He could taste the wine that they had been drinking as well as something that was purely Hannibal. Kissing Hannibal was addictive, hell Hannibal was addictive and Will knew that he wasn't going to be able to give Hannibal up, regardless of how bad he might be for Will. Will jumped as Hannibal's palm slid over the swell of Will's ass and gave a deliberate squeeze. He really shouldn't be surprised given the amount of time that Hannibal spent staring at said ass but, even so, Will

hadn't been expecting it and, when he had jumped, he had managed to not only catch his tongue on Hannibal's sharp teeth but bite his own lip hard enough to draw blood. At the burst of copper in his mouth, Will pulled back, his tongue darting out reflexively once more to lick at the wound, however slight.

Will watched as Hannibal's pupils visibly dilated and then he surged forward, as though, once again, seeing Will's tongue was the breaking point. Then again, this was Hannibal so the blood probably had something to do with it.

This time, as Hannibal's tongue plundered Will's mouth, duelling with Will's own, the taste of wine and Hannibal was joined by the tang of copper and Will couldn't help but moan at the combination of flavours, his hips bucking forward reflexively. It still wasn't enough though and he started to scrabble at Hannibal's suit, cursing the number of buttons. Hannibal was clearly just as eager as Will and not caring about his office being desecrated as his fingers were working on Will's shirt, rucking up the t-shirt beneath and trailing his fingers over the bare skin of Will's back. Will had just managed to unbutton Hannibal's waistcoat, his cry of victory muffled by Hannibal's lips when long fingers trailed over the skin around Will's waistband, moving to the fastenings of his pants.

It was when Hannibal got Will's pants unbuttoned and replaced his hand on Will's ass that the reason for the awkward silence became known. While Will may have been wearing his usual "uniform" of chinos, boots, t-shirt and flannel shirt, beneath them he was wearing a decidedly feminine pair of panties. He'd been so busy with the recent case that laundry had been at the very bottom of his priorities and when he'd found that he'd run out of boxers, he'd simply reached for one of the pairs of panties hidden at the back of the drawer. They were nothing fancy – plain cotton with lace panels over his hips and a small satin bow sat front and centre – but they were comfortable and Will had completely forgotten that he was wearing them when he had made the journey to Hannibal's office. Then again, when he'd set out, he hadn't really expected this outcome.

"Will?"

At Hannibal's utterance of his name, Will squeezed his eyes shut, refused to say anything in response and simply waited for the inevitable reaction; disgust and recrimination. Yet, it never came. Instead, there was a soft sound that sounded more inquiring or intrigued than disgusted as long, gentle fingers moved Will's chinos so as to better Hannibal's view and then those same fingers were trailing over the delicate fabric at Will's hip. When Hannibal finally spoke, his words were definitely not what Will was expecting.

"My office is hardly the most appropriate venue for this conversation. May I suggest that we adjourn to my home? I will make dinner and we can … discuss this further."

Will's eyes flew open. Once again, this wasn't the reaction that he had been expecting. Then again, he supposed that he should have banked on Hannibal doing the unexpected; after all, the man prided himself on being an enigma. Hannibal was far closer than Will had expected, barely an inch between them but, when Will cautiously raised his eyes, he was pleasantly surprised to find Hannibal's eyes focused on Will's face rather than on his exposed undergarments.

“D-dinner?”

“Yes, I know you’re familiar with both the concept of the meal, even if you rarely indulge, and the fact that I cook as you’ve turned down several invitations to my dinner parties.”

“They’re theatrical performances Hannibal, not merely dinner parties and of course I know you cook; I have eaten your creations before as you’re well aware.”

“So, will I drive us or will you drive yourself?”

Will sighed, knowing that he wasn’t going to be able to avoid this. Scrabbling to collect his thoughts as Hannibal was *so* close and one large thumb was still stroking over Will’s lace-clad hip, he finally managed to speak.

“I’ll drive myself.” Will felt Hannibal rebuttoning his chinos before patting his hip.

“Good, I shall see you there.”

(~*~)

Hannibal really hadn’t been joking about cooking dinner. Having pulled up outside Hannibal’s home after making a brief detour for a bottle of wine that he’d been assured was more than acceptable, Will had proceeded to sit in his car and have a minor panic attack about what had happened in Hannibal’s office rather than going and ringing the doorbell. He and Hannibal had finally kissed, although made out was probably a better description if it didn’t make them sound as though they were in high school. Hannibal had found Will wearing women’s panties but he hadn’t been disgusted, hadn’t shoved him away but invited him for dinner instead. It was all highly confusing and it would be so easy to just start the car and drive home to Wolf Trap but Will couldn’t bring himself to start the engine. He wanted this, he wanted to give this a chance, wanted to give Hannibal a chance.

When he finally did make it to the front door to ring the bell, Hannibal answered it clearly looking as though he was in the middle of food preparation. He had removed his suit jacket although the waistcoat had remained in place, and rolled his shirt sleeves up so his forearms were on show while a long butcher’s apron was tied around his waist. Will was also rather pleased to see that Hannibal hadn’t smoothed his hair back into its normal style, strands falling softly across his forehead. The sight sent a spark of lust through Will and confirmed for him that he’d made the right decision.

Dinner was like almost any other meal that he had had at Hannibal’s; full of amazing flavours and food combinations, several of which Will had never even heard of let alone thought of pairing together and likely including meat from someone who had had the misfortune of annoying Hannibal. Will couldn’t help but be amused that, even with the short notice, Hannibal had still managed to produce a gourmet meal that would have been the envy of any top-class restaurant. It was also the most intimate meal that they had ever shared. They ate at the dining table as usual but seated so close together that touch was unavoidable; knees pressing together, elbows touching, fingers brushing against each other. They ate in silence and, although the tension had returned – Will felt as though his body was physically

thrumming - , the awkwardness hadn't accompanied it. The second that Will had finished his last mouthful, Hannibal was on his feet, clearing their plates.

"If you go through into my study, I shall bring our dessert through; we can talk and eat at the same time."

Will raised an eyebrow but did as he was told, wandering around Hannibal's home office/study and comparing it to the space that Will was far more familiar with. A far smaller space than the main office, it still screamed Hannibal and Will tried to force himself to relax. Even so, he still jumped when Hannibal spoke, no footsteps having heralded his approach.

"Sanguinaccio dolce, one of my favourite desserts. I felt that the occasion called for it."

The occasion that was completely off-the-cuff and unplanned? Okaaaay. Do I want to know what's in it?" Will joked half-heartedly, just for something to say only to see something, he wasn't sure what, flash in Hannibal's eyes.

"Has my food ever disappointed you, Will? Would knowing the ingredients change that?"

"Probably not. And no, your food has never disappointed. It's always amazing and you know that, so don't try to fish for compliments."

Will managed maybe four mouthfuls of the admittedly delicious – as in, roll your eyes and try not to moan in pleasure delicious – dessert before his patience ran out. "I thought I came here for us to talk, not just for you to feed me?"

"I did not wish to push you, I was simply waiting for you to be ready."

"I don't think I'll ever be ready to talk about it but you know about it so talking is inevitable, I guess."

"Very well. Do you regret what happened between us in my office?"

Will gave a bark of laughter. "I should be the one asking you that. You're the one that stuck your hand down my trousers and found women's panties."

"As your therapist…"

"I didn't think you were my therapist, Hannibal. 'Friends merely having conversations'; isn't that how you put it?"

Hannibal inclined his head, "I did. So, putting aside my … discovery, do you regret what happened?"

"Honestly? No, I don't regret it. I think that you and I were inevitable. I should be the one asking you if you regret it; I'm the walking bag of crazy."

"I have no regrets whatsoever. As you said, you and I were inevitable. Truthfully, I was expecting to be waiting a lot longer before you realised that."

“Seriously, you have no regrets? Even knowing…” Unable to verbalise, Will simply settled for waving an arm towards his lower half.

“Even knowing your proclivity for wearing female lingerie. Yes.”

Will shook his head; of course, Hannibal would react differently to every other man Will had ever known. Feeling emboldened, Will continued talking. “I don’t want to be a woman, I’m not confused about my gender; I’m definitely a man. I just like wearing them. I like the way they feel, I … like the way they look. I don’t wear them all the time and I never intended to wear them today, I’ve simply not had the chance to do laundry yet.” Taking a deep breath, Will looked across at Hannibal from beneath his eyelashes. “Historically, it hasn’t been well-received by other … partners, shall we say.”

“Then they were fools.” Hannibal set aside his dish and crossed the room to kneel at Will’s feet, his hands resting on the chair either side of Will’s thighs. “You are enticing as it is but dressed like that you are temptation itself.”

Will’s breath caught in his throat. “And?”

“And, if you will let me, I will show you just how much I desire you.”

“Okay.” Will reached out and placed his hand in Hannibal’s as the other man stood, allowing himself to be pulled up and led deeper into Hannibal’s home, past the kitchen and into the inner sanctum beyond.

Hannibal’s bedroom was as ridiculously ostentatious as Will had expected but he wasn’t able to give it more than a cursory glance before he was being pulled into Hannibal’s arms and kissed until he was breathless. This was different to the kisses they had shared in Hannibal’s office previously. The hunger was there still but it was banked, tightly leashed and under control. Hannibal’s lips slid over Will’s with assurance, laving his tongue over the point that Will had bitten earlier until Will was feeling decidedly weak-kneed and was forced to cling to Hannibal’s biceps for stability. Only then did Hannibal start to undress Will, proceeding at a maddeningly slow pace. When Will tried to help in an attempt to speed things up, Hannibal actually stopped completely. Unable to refrain from rolling his eyes, Will stopped knowing that if he actually wanted this to progress he was going to have to acquiesce to Hannibal’s wishes. Still, Will almost bit through his lip a second time as he tried to resist providing a sarcastic comment as Hannibal folded each item of Will’s clothing impeccably and laid it over a nearby chair until Will was naked but for the panties.

This time, Will pressed himself eagerly against Hannibal, squirming at the feel of fabric – and expensive fabric at that – against his over-sensitised bare skin. One hand slid down to palm his ass again and Will bucked his hips, his cock twitching inside the thin cotton fabric. He whined high in his throat as the fingers of Hannibal’s other hand twisted harshly in his hair, tugging his head back so that Hannibal could mouth along the column of Will’s throat, leaving teasing nips in his wake.

“On the bed.”

Hannibal’s voice was rough and Will obeyed the command without question, stumbling like a new-born foal as he tried to get his quivering legs to co-operate. Even so, he ended up doing a rather graceless tumble onto the bed. From his sprawl, he watched as Hannibal undressed himself, folding his clothes with the same fastidiousness that he had shown Will’s. It was infuriating but Will was starting to realise that this whole encounter was going to go at Hannibal’s pace or not at all so he was just going to have to deal with it. Besides, it was hardly a hardship to watch Hannibal revealing his body.

Logically, Will had known that given how fussy Hannibal was about what he ate, it made sense that he would take care of himself when it came to working out, not to mention the fact that he would have to keep in shape in order to be able to carry out his extra-curricular activities but there was a difference between knowing that and seeing the evidence. Leaner than the cut of his suits made out, Hannibal was none the less broader than Will in the shoulders and chest and Will felt a shiver of anticipation go through him at the thought of being pressed into the mattress between the cool smoothness of the sheets and the heat of Hannibal's rather hairier than expected chest. Moving his eyes lower, he let them roam over surprisingly slim hips and well-defined legs before his attention was caught by the proud length jutting out from between muscular thighs. A small part of Will's brain couldn't help but think that of course Hannibal was well-endowed because it was Hannibal but mostly he couldn't help but think what it was going to feel like to have that large cock inside him, filling him to the brim. His cock twitched again in his panties and Will didn't need to look to know that there was an undeniable damp spot in the front where his cock had leaked pre-come. He was more focused on fisting his hands in the pristine comforter so that he wasn't tempted to take himself in hand finish things too soon.

Bringing his gaze back up to meet Hannibal’s, Will saw that Hannibal's gaze was still fixed unwaveringly upon him, a small smirk playing on his lips and the knowledge that Hannibal undoubtedly knew exactly what Will had been thinking about sent heat flooding to his cheeks.

“What are you doing? Why are you staring?” Will was aware of the hypocrisy of his words, given that he was unabashedly staring at Hannibal but it was easy to tell that Hannibal was comfortable with Will’s regard while Will could feel his skin prickling with unease under the weight of Hannibal’s regard.

“Merely considering the aesthetics of finally having you in my bed. And why would I not stare when such beauty is before me?”

Will felt the flush move from his cheeks to cover his whole body at Hannibal’s candid words but, when he darted a look at Hannibal’s face, the only thing that he could see there was sincerity; Hannibal truly meant what he said. As hard as it was, Will forced himself to accept the compliment and stop squirming against sheets that were so soft against his skin that they undoubtedly had a ridiculously high thread count. To his relief, Hannibal refrained from saying anything further and instead prowled towards the bed, looking every inch the predator that he was and with Will as his very willing prey.

Will lay supine as Hannibal crawled up the bed, his breath ghosting over Will's torso as he dropped a kiss to an ankle bone, a protruding hip bone and the jut of Will's collarbone before

finally reaching up and dropping a brief kiss to Will's lips. Hannibal didn't linger though, retracing his path down Will's body with lips and hands until he was hovering over Will's crotch.

Raising his head so that he could see what was happening, Will watched as Hannibal traced the edges of the underwear with almost worshipful fingers before following the same path with the tip of his tongue. Will had to let his head fall back to the pillow with a moan as Hannibal turned his attention to Will's neglected erection, mouthing at it through the fabric and leaving the material damp and translucent with a mix of saliva and pre-come. But, to Will's immense frustration, Hannibal apparently had no intention of doing any more than that.

Ignoring Will's grasping fingers and bucking hips, Hannibal leaned over him and groped in the bedside cabinet, returning with a heavy glass container that turned out to contain lube when Hannibal unscrewed the lid and coated his fingers with the contents. Instead of removing the underwear, as Will had expected, Hannibal simply adjusted them so that he had easy access to Will's ass but the elastic waistband meant that Will's ability to move was constricted.

Small huffs escaped Will's lips as the pad of one of Hannibal's fingers rubbed gently but insistently over his hole, encouraging the muscles to relax enough so that one lubed finger could press inside, swiftly followed by a second and then a third.

Will had had some good fucks in his lifetime but this was already outclassing them all and Will only had Hannibal's fingers in him. He supposed this was the advantage of sleeping with someone who had once been a surgeon; Hannibal had an intimate knowledge of anatomy and he was using that to drive Will mindless with pleasure. Long, dextrous fingers scissored inside him, stretching him for Hannibal's cock. Will writhed, hands clawing at the sheets and Hannibal's back, fingernails leaving red welts in their wake as Hannibal unerringly and expertly sought out Will's prostate, driving Will to the brink of orgasm again and again only to pull back each time Will came close to release. Not that he would have been able to reach orgasm even if Hannibal had taken pity on him, what with the way that Hannibal had positioned the panties, the elastic of the waist band tight under his balls and acting as something of an improvised cock-ring.

"Hannibal, please. More. I need more."

"Very well, mylimasis. If you want more, then more you shall have."

Will howled as Hannibal removed his fingers and simply ripped the panties from Will's body, rending them at the seams and making wearing them again impossible. They had barely left his body before Will felt the tip of Hannibal's cock press against his loosened entrance only to pause and make no further movement. With the impediment of the panties being removed, Will had no intention of waiting any longer and took matters into his own hands.

Spreading his legs, he wound his legs around Hannibal's hips and shoved backwards, keening as he sheathed Hannibal's cock completely within him. There, he paused breathing heavily, waiting for his body to adjust to the sensation of Hannibal's cock filling him completely and utterly, more than any other man he'd ever slept with. Shifting his hips minutely, Will spread

his legs wider until he could feel a delicious burn in his inner thighs and Hannibal's weight settled heavily over him.

"Impatient Will," Hannibal's tone was chiding. "I would have given you what you wanted. Eventually."

Looking up, Will could see find amusement as well as a certain smugness in Hannibal's eyes. Clenching deliberately around Hannibal's cock, Will have a somewhat breathless victorious chuckle as Hannibal's eyes rolled back in his skull.

"Yes, well. I don't want to die of old age before I have an orgasm so would you please just damn get on with it and fuck me, Hannibal. Please."

"It would be my pleasure, Will. All you had to do was ask."

Hannibal did precisely that. If Will had thought Hannibal had been a good fuck before, he was now certain that this was the best fuck of his life and anything after this was going to have high standards to live up to. Hannibal wasted no time in starting slowly, instead he drove straight in, pulling back until just the tip of his cock was still inside Will and then slamming in to the root. Each thrust was powerful enough that Will was being pushed across the sheets and Will encouraged Hannibal’s movements, digging his heels into the back of Hannibal’s thighs and pressing his knees into Hannibal’s ribs.

Will spared half a thought to taking his cock in hand before discarding it as Hannibal changed the angle of his thrusts and raked his cock over Will’s prostate once more. From then on, all Will could do was hang on for the ride, fingernails raking over Hannibal’s back once more as Will left claw and bite marks over whatever parts of Hannibal’s torso he could. In response, Hannibal pressed himself more firmly over Will so that Will’s cock was rubbing against Hannibal’s stomach. After all of Hannibal’s teasing, Will was so over-sensitised that that was all he needed and he came with a scream, convulsing around Hannibal’s cock as his come spread between them. Will’s legs fell back to the bed, laying limp in the wake of his orgasm as Hannibal gave three more thrusts before slamming into Will one last time and coming with a roar of “Maniškis.”

The last thing that Will was aware of was Hannibal pulling out of him, cleaning him up gently and slipping into bed behind him, wrapping an arm around Will’s waist and pulling him back against Hannibal’s body.

(~*~)

Will was brought out of his satiated doze by the feeling of Hannibal’s fingers trailing over his hip, tracing the marks that he had left when he ripped the panties off Will and turned his head to see Hannibal propped up on one elbow, his eyes drinking in Will hungrily.

“You’re staring again, Hannibal.”

“My apologies.”

“You say that but you don’t mean it, not really.” Will groused as he turned over and propped his chin on Hannibal’s chest, carding his fingers through the hair there. “What are you thinking about?”

“I would have you in finer things than what you were wearing, Will. You deserve more than plain cotton.”

“What are you saying, Hannibal?” Will was fairly certain that he knew what Hannibal was saying, but he wanted to hear the man vocalise it.

“I’m saying that I want you in my bed and in my life, Will Graham. I’m saying that this little proclivity of yours appeals to me as it does to you and I want to indulge you in it. I want to see you in luxurious silks and fine lace. I’m asking you to let me do this for you. Understand, however, that I am a possessive man and, if you agree to this, you agree to being with me and only me.”

Will mulled over Hannibal’s words. Will knew that, if he agreed to this, he wasn’t just agreeing to Hannibal buying him underwear; he was agreeing to so much more. He was agreeing to a relationship, he was agreeing to everything that Hannibal had said and everything that he had shied away from for years. Surprisingly, he found that he was okay with that.

“Yes.”

“Yes?”

Will swallowed heavily and raised his eyes to Hannibal’s, meeting them with a confidence that he didn’t feel. “Yes, to all of it.”

Will watched as a look of satisfaction spread across Hannibal’s face as he leant in to brush a kiss against Will’s lips. “You won’t regret this, Will.”

# Chapter 2

‘You won’t regret this, Will’.

Those had been Hannibal’s exact words the day that they had ended up in bed together for the first time. Will had been lying in Hannibal’s stupidly large and comfortable bed, wrung out from the best sex that he had ever had and Hannibal had said those exact words to him.

Of course, Will had come to regret it. Well, sort of. He definitely didn’t regret whatever it was that he had going on with Hannibal. If it had been anybody else, say Alana or anyone, then Will would say that they were dating – they spent time together outside of work, Hannibal cooked for them although they had eaten out at one restaurant that was deemed acceptable, and they had copious amounts of sex. They’d even been on what could be classified as an actual date in that Will had accompanied Hannibal to some pretentious art exhibition but Will wasn’t sure if that counted as he’d agreed under duress; he’d been out of his mind with bliss after two orgasms and Hannibal had refused to let him come a third time until he agreed to attend the event.

Will also had a rapidly increasing collection of lingerie hidden in the back of his drawer behind his boxers. Hannibal wasn’t going too overboard, although Will was sure that he was restraining himself and had only gifted Will with two or three items but there was no denying the superior quality over the items that Will had bought himself. Indeed, whenever the fancy took him to wear panties as opposed to his usual boxers, Will found his hands bypassing the relatively plain cotton briefs and skimming instead over the far more luxurious fabrics of Hannibal’s choices. He’d also been pleased to see that Hannibal’s desire for him wasn’t dependent upon Will wearing lingerie. He hadn’t expected that it would be given their interactions before they had finally hooked up but it was reassuring to have his thoughts confirmed.

So, no, he hadn’t regretted anything that had happened until now and he wasn’t even completely sure that he regretted what was going to happen now, which probably made him a really awful person. The fact that he couldn’t really care less made it worse.

It had all started the previous evening. Will had been in his office through the last few god-awful essays for one of his classes, not wanting to take them home when Alana had appeared at the door. One glance had been all it took to see that she was slightly uncomfortable.

“Alana! I wasn’t expecting to see you; is everything okay?”

“Yes. No. I don’t know.” Alana vacillated, clearly unsure before she stepped into the room, withdrawing a relatively small box from her purse. “I had lunch with Hannibal and he asked if I’d give you this.”

Will took the box, having a pretty good idea what was in it and having no inclination whatsoever to open it in the present company. As he did so, he had to fight down the smirk at the rather obvious game that Hannibal was playing. Not for the first time, Will marvelled at the fact that no-one had yet worked out the truth identity of the Chesapeake Ripper because

really, Hannibal and subtlety did not mix well. True to his words, the morning after their first sexual encounter, Hannibal was an inordinately possessive cannibal and getting Alana to deliver high-class panties - because they weren't going to be anything else – was Hannibal's way of reminding Will that, while he may have kissed Alana, he was Hannibal's now. And Hannibal didn't share.

Her errand completed, he saw that Alana was still hovering and braced himself for what was to come. He didn't have to wait long.

"Is there something going on with you and Hannibal?"

"What makes you ask that?"

"He just asked me to give you a gift; that's hardly usual behaviour between a therapist and his patient."

"I'm not his patient, not officially."

"That's exactly the same answer that Hannibal gave me and it's really not the point. Official or not, it's not professional and Hannibal should know better."

"Did you tell him that?" The thought amused him and, not for the first time, he wondered what had stayed the hand of the Ripper where Alana Bloom was concerned.

"I did. He told me that it was none of my business what went on between consenting adults. It was odd, he had the strangest look on his face, something I've never seen on Hannibal before. If it were anybody else, I'd say he was besotted."

Will smiled inwardly at her words before he composed himself, eyes fixing on the door frame over Alana's shoulder as he spoke. "Look, I appreciate your concern Alana, but Hannibal's right. Anything that's going on between us is precisely that; between us. Thanks for delivering this but I really need to finish grading these essays."

Alana looked unhappy at the blatant dismissal but had gone without complaint. Once she had left, Will had taken another glance at the box, taking in the discrete but luxury packaging before tucking it in his bag and focusing on the essays once more. Anticipation would make him work quicker and the quicker that he finished, the quicker he could view Hannibal's latest gift.

When he had finally arrived home, he had let the dogs out to roam so they weren't tempted to stick inquisitive noses and paws near his new gift. He poured himself a generous glass of bourbon and reached for the box. Small and square, it was a warm cream and bound up with a perfectly tied black satin ribbon. Taking a healthy swallow of alcohol, he pulled on one tail of the bow, leaving it trailing as he lifted the lid to reveal a nest of black tissue paper. Will pushed this aside with curious yet tentative fingers, only for his breath to catch in his throat when he finally saw the lingerie nestled in its cocoon of tissue. The item that Hannibal had chosen was nothing like Will had ever worn before. Hell, he didn't even know that items like that existed.

The scrap of silk – it legitimately couldn't be described as anything else – didn't look as though it could hold Will and was black, just as the other items that Hannibal had gifted him with had been. He was very aware of his work-roughened fingers as he picked up the delicate fabric only for his throat to go dry as he realised just what little fabric there was to the rest of the piece. In fact, there was so little fabric – merely a series of delicate straps – that almost the entirety of Will's ass was going to be on display. In fact, Will realised, he was essentially going to be wearing a feminine jockstrap. Swallowing heavily, Will fumbled for the small piece of cardstock that had fluttered to his lap when he had retrieved the underwear. There, in Hannibal's distinctive handwriting, had been written one simple sentence, 'It would please me greatly if you would wear this tomorrow'.

Ignoring the part of his brain that had been screaming that this was a really bad idea, Will had done precisely what Hannibal had requested and that was what he was currently regretting.

When he had woken, he hadn't seen anything problematic with Hannibal's request as it was a day when he was just supposed to be lecturing at the Academy. There had been a minor issue when the feel of the thin strips of fabric settling around his hips and ass had left him half-hard, cock and balls just about still encased in the front of the panties but there wasn't much that he could do about that other than pull on his baggiest shirt and chinos combination and resolve to pay a visit to Hannibal's office at lunchtime. Except, he was halfway through his lecture when Jack walked in, cleared the room of students and informed Will that they had a crime scene and they thought that it had come courtesy of the Ripper.

Instantaneously, everything fell into place. Hannibal had planned all of this, had manipulated all of it to achieve what he wanted. He'd succeeded. He'd got Alana to deliver the gift to Will, this showing her that Will was now unattainable and reinforcing his words to Will that Hannibal was a possessive man. Then, at some point either last night or early this morning, he had murdered someone that he considered to be a rude pig and staged the scene, timing it perfectly to ensure that when it was found, Will would have started his day having done as Hannibal had asked. If he was honest, the more that he thought about it, the more the regret receded as it was replaced by admiration and maybe a little bit of arousal at the lengths that Hannibal had planned and manipulated things to fit his desires.

His state of arousal shot through the roof when they finally arrived at the crime scene. There was absolutely no doubting that this was the work of the Chesapeake Ripper, the work of Hannibal. Will spared a moment to ponder what perceived crime or slight the victim had committed before he looked at the crime scene itself. Impressive enough at a distance, up close it was simply stunning and the longer he stared, the more enamoured Will became. There had always been a dark beauty about the Ripper's murder scenes – to Will's eyes, at least – but Will couldn't help but feel that, with this one, Hannibal had surpassed himself.

The composition looked familiar and irked Will until he remembered where he had seen it; numerous sketches on Hannibal's desk and he made a mental note to enquire after the piece that inspired Hannibal. The body had been artistically positioned in front of what appeared to be a rather large sarcophagus and, looking closer, Will could see that the rib cage had been splayed open, undoubtedly missing the heart and lungs. From the open chest cavity burst a veritable rainbow of blooms and Will found himself cataloguing the list, tallying them where possible with the meaning.

Gladioli for admiration.

Asparagus fern for fascination.

Calla lilies meaning magnificent beauty.

Peach blossoms that said captured by you and tube roses that spoke of dangerous pleasure.

Nasturtiums for conquest.

Red tulips, a declaration of love.

Heliotrope for infatuation.

Mauve roses for eroticism.

Dahlias meaning forever mine and, finally, lemon balm for empathy. A giveaway as to the intended recipient.

There was no doubting what this was. This was a love letter from the Chesapeake Ripper, a love letter from Hannibal in the language that he knew best. Oh, it may not be the traditional type of love that most people longed for but that didn't matter to Will. This, with a dark and twisted beauty of its own – was perfect for him and all he wanted. Hannibal was offering love as he knew it – possessive and all-consuming – and Will was going to accept it with both hands and never let go.

"Well? Is it the Ripper?"

Will rolled his eyes; timing really wasn't Jack Crawford's forte. Then again, apparently neither was doing his job else he would have figured out who the Chesapeake Ripper was a long time ago. Honestly, how dense did the man have to be to sit and eat at Hannibal's table and listen to all of the doctors horrible, terrible puns and not realise? The mind boggled.

"Will?"

The man in question spoke again and Will turned, reluctantly tearing his eyes away from Hannibal's creation. As he did so, his gaze was caught by a particularly eye-watering suit and he realised that, while he had been caught up in the pendulum, Hannibal had arrived.

"I hope you don't mind my presence, Will. Jack called and asked me to come if I was available."

Knowing that no-one else would see, Will brought his eyes up to meet Hannibal's and raised an eyebrow, getting a slight incline of the head in response. Jack may have invited him but, even if Hannibal hadn't been invited, he would have found a way to be there. Narcissist that he was, he wouldn't have missed the opportunity to see all his plans play out and Will's subsequent reaction. Still, Will didn't have to give Hannibal what he wanted. Didn't have to indulge him. It might mean playing a dangerous game but then, hadn't it been Hannibal who had likened Will to a mongoose when they first met? Hannibal might be a master manipulator but Will could easily give him a run for his money.

Thinking quickly, Will ran through his options. There was a possibility, albeit a very slim one, that Will was completely wrong in thinking that this was intended for him. He didn't think that he was wrong but, if he was, then he could end up looking very foolish. He could lie through his teeth and say that it wasn't the Ripper and he didn't know who it was intended for, thus sending Jack into apoplexy that they potentially had another serial killer on their hands whilst simultaneously aggravating Hannibal. He could say that it was definitely a Ripper kill and that it was designed as a love letter for Will, which would stress Jack out that his fragile little teacup had been targeted but would have little effect on Hannibal and thus diminished its appeal to Will. Or, there was the third and final option which was probably Will's favourite. He could acknowledge that it was a Ripper kill and that the staging of the body was intended as a love letter but not admit that he knew the recipient was himself. That would have the dual advantage of panicking Jack that his white whale had found somebody that he wanted to court and really pissing Hannibal off.

That was it. Decision made. Forcing himself to keep a straight face, Will turned to Jack, darting his eyes up to meet Jack's for a fraction of a second before focusing on the man's shirt collar.

"Yes, it's definitely a Ripper kill; the theatricality of it, it couldn't be anything else."

"Is it the first of a new sounder? Should I be expecting another two kills?"

Will thought for a second before replying, feeling relatively certain in his answer but not wanting to risk looking at Hannibal. "I don't think so, I think it's a one-off. The flowers – all of their meanings – I think it's a love letter."

This was it. Will watched as Jack's jaw dropped and waited for the imminent explosion. "A love letter? A goddamn love letter? Will, are you seriously telling me that the Chesapeake Ripper – one of the most prolific serial killers in our history – has found someone and is … I don't know, courting them?"

"Yes, that's what it looks like."

"Shit. Who's he trying to court? Any insights?"

Glancing out of the corner of his eye in Hannibal's direction, Will put on his best regretful face. "I'm sorry, Jack. I didn't get enough to tell you that." It took almost every scrap of self-control that Will had to not smirk as Hannibal visibly twitched in response to Will's words.

"No, that's good. It'll help."

"Okay. Do you need me to…"

"No, no, you can go. Maybe Dr Lecter would be willing to give you a lift?"

"Of course. It'd be my pleasure to be of service. If you're ready, Will?"

Will gathered his things and stepped over to Hannibal's side, hiding his smile as he felt Hannibal's palm at the small of his back, ushering him towards the parked Bentley.

Outwardly, Hannibal was behaving as he always did but, in such close proximity, Will could feel the tension thrumming through Hannibal's frame and just knew that it was because Will had claimed that he didn't know who the love letter was for.

Once inside the car, Will wiggled slightly as Hannibal moved around the car and got in the driver's side, starting the engine and pulling away smoothly. They drove for several miles in silence except for the music playing – Strauss, Will though, Death and Transfiguration which was rather apt – before Hannibal broke the silence.

"Did you tell Jack the truth?"

There was a rough quality to Hannibal's voice that Will hadn't heard before and, when he glanced over at Hannibal, Will could see a vein throbbing in the man's temple and his knuckles blanched white where they gripped the steering wheel.

"What?"

"Uncle Jack. Did you tell him the truth? Do you really not know who the – how did you describe it – the love letter was intended for?"

Will hesitated. He was already playing a dangerous game but now he was treading on very thin ice. There was no telling how Hannibal would react to knowing that Will knew he was the Chesapeake Ripper. It could end well but, equally, it could end up with Will being the next crime scene that Jack was called to; there were so many facets to Hannibal that made him almost impossible to predict. Still, what was life without risk? And besides, Will had never really been one to play safe.

"No, I didn't tell Jack the truth." Will glanced out of the corner of his eye to see that Hannibal's grip on the steering wheel had loosened fractionally but the vein in his temple was still throbbing. "I'm fairly certain that I know who it was intended for; the lemon balm was a bit of a giveaway."

"You think it was intended for you?"

"I do." Will forced himself to focus on the road ahead whilst monitoring Hannibal's reaction as best as he could. Outwardly, there was no reaction but Will could practically feel the smugness radiating from the man. And then, of course, Hannibal's next words made him roll his eyes.

"And how does that make you feel?"

"I thought you were giving me a lift not an impromptu therapy session, *Doctor Lecter*."

"*Will*…"

"Fine, Hannibal. How does it make me feel? Not as it should … flattered, awed, more than a little aroused. Then again, that might also be because I'm wearing your gift."

And there it was. The moment that Hannibal's self-control snapped. Will smiled victoriously as the Bentley pulled into the side of the road with a screech of tires. Will barely had time to

wipe the triumphant expression from his face before Hannibal was turning to him, pupils blown wide with lust. Despite the awkwardness of the angle, Will went willingly when Hannibal tangled his fingers in Will's hair, using the grasp to pull Will into a kiss. Will responded distractedly, fumbling with the catch on the seatbelt until he could release it, allowing him to devote his full attention to the kiss, sinking into it and ignoring the way that the centre console dug into his hip.

Utterly consumed by the motions of Hannibal's tongue and the way that it caused lust to coil in his belly, Will didn't realise that Hannibal had been changing their positioning until he found himself lying back in his seat with Hannibal looming over him, Will's hands clenched in the lapels of Hannibal's coat. Not shying away from eye contact, Will allowed himself to stare into Hannibal's eyes, silently marvelling at how they appeared to be pure black, the pupils were so large. Then again, Will's were probably no better. Will's breath hitched as one of Hannibal's hands ran down Will's chest before coming to rest on the waistband of Will's pants, toying at the button.

"Would you permit me to see my gift modelled?"

Will raised an eyebrow. "Here?" He hadn't expected that; he'd simply presumed that Hannibal would break all of the speed limits to get back to Baltimore and his house so that they could fuck there. Then again, given everything else, it shouldn't have surprised him that Hannibal was kinky enough to go for sex in the Bentley where anyone driving past could see them.

He wasn't completely sure how they were going to do this logistically but he was hardly going to say no. Nodding, Will watched in no little bemusement as Hannibal proceeded to fiddle with Will's seat, pushing it back as far as it would go before reclining it. Part of Will's brain, the small fraction not completely consumed by lust and arousal, couldn't help but notice how Hannibal even managed to make climbing across the centre console and folding himself into the foot-well graceful but then Hannibal's hands were undoing Will's pants and pulling them off and a heady combination of lust and anticipation took over everything.

Even so, Will wasn't so far gone that he was unaffected by the intensity of Hannibal's gaze, squirming without conscious thought only for a squeak of mortification to escape him at the sound his bare ass made as it moved on the leather interior of Hannibal's Bentley. Hannibal didn't react at all, simply continuing to stare at Will trussed up in the scrap of silk with an undisguised hunger that had Will torn between the urge to pull his flannel down and attempt to cover himself up or beg Hannibal to do something, *anything*.

Before Will was forced to make a decision, Hannibal made it for him. Will found large hands sliding beneath his hips and pulling him forwards so that the curve where the top of his thighs met the curve of his ass was right at the edge of the seat. Then, Hannibal proceeded to manoeuvre him so that his legs were thrown over Hannibal's shoulders, leaving Will completely splayed open and at Hannibal's mercy. And he definitely was at Hannibal's mercy, something that the doctor seemed determined to take full advantage of.

Will felt his thighs quiver at the first brush of Hannibal's lips just above his right knee and they didn't stop as Hannibal's lips moved higher, planting kisses as they went until Hannibal's face was all but buried in Will's groin. Will was hoping that Hannibal would

either push the panties aside or down and suck him off but he wasn't entirely surprised when, instead, Hannibal inhaled deeply and groaned somewhat gratuitously. What Will really wasn't expecting was for Hannibal to shift his attention lower and bypass Will's cock altogether.

"Hannibal, what do you think you're … oh fucking … Jesus Christ, Hannibal!"

Will's head thudded back against the headrest and his hands scrabbled futilely for purchase against the leather interior of the Bentley as Hannibal spread Will's ass cheeks and licking across Will's hole. The sex had been, well okay, it had been fucking amazing since they had got together but, even so, Will most certainly hadn't expected this from the oh so proper Hannibal Lecter. He heard himself make a whimpering noise – not too dissimilar to that made by his dogs on occasion – as Hannibal chuckled, the sensation causing Will's hole to contract convulsively.

"You were saying?"

"Don't stop, you bastard."

"Such language, William. Whatever shall we do with you?"

Will moaned, digging his heels into Hannibal's shoulders as best as he could and ensuring that the man couldn't move away. "I'm sorry, okay? Please, just … don't stop."

Will felt Hannibal's lips curve up against his skin and then Hannibal's tongue as back, this time licking a broad stripe from Will's tailbone to his balls before focusing on Will's twitching, fluttering hole. Will had seen in various bits of porn over the years but he'd never had a partner even vaguely interested in indulging in it, never mind as enthusiastic as Hannibal seemed to be. The noises that were being created by Hannibal's actions were simply obscene; there was no other word for it but Hannibal didn't seem to care.

Then again, neither did Will.

Part of his brain had a myriad of reasons running through it as to why he should protest Hannibal's actions but then the other part – the lizard brain – couldn't get over how good it felt and just wanted more. As though Hannibal could read his mind, he spread Will's cheeks further and, furling his tongue, delved deeper. Will yelled, one hand flying out and slapping against the window as Will tried to brace himself. Hannibal gave no sign of noticing, simply continuing in his self-appointed task. Only when Will felt as though Hannibal's saliva had to be dripping from him did Hannibal pull back, another whine ripping itself from Will's throat. Once again, Hannibal chuckled before snapping one of the straps with his teeth and making Will jerk in response.

Before Will could protest, he felt Hannibal's fingers at his hole, two of them sliding inside to replace Hannibal's tongue. Given Hannibal's preparations, they slid in relatively easily and Hannibal wasted no time in adding a third. Those fingers stretched and scissored expertly inside Will before Hannibal's tongue returned to join them. Will moaned loudly, thighs clamping around Hannibal's head like a vice as his free hand speared through Hannibal's

hair, ruining the perfect coiffure and ensuring that Hannibal couldn't move, even if he had wanted to.

With Hannibal's fingers and tongue working in tandem, it didn't take long for Will to reach the pinnacle, back arching like a bow as he came with a loud shout as Hannibal hooked his fingers inside Will, spilling all over himself inside the silky fabric.

"I can't help but feel that this particular item needs further modelling…"

"Hnngh … wha?"

It took several moments for Will's brain to come back online and process what Hannibal was saying. Particularly considering that Hannibal's fingers were trailing along the silken straps, brushing against over sensitised skin in the process. When Will's brain finally did comprehend Hannibal's words, he huffed out a laugh. "Did you have a particular stage in mind, Doctor?"

"Yes. I was rather thinking that the desk in my office might suffice."

Even though he had just come, Will's cock gave a feeble twitch of interest at Hannibal's words. He wouldn't lie; he'd had plenty of thoughts – fantasies – that involved Hannibal's office and not all of them dated from their first kiss in said office.

"You surprise me, Doctor Lecter. I can't imagine you being willing to desecrate your workplace like that." Will couldn't help but brush a finger across Hannibal's still spit-slick lips, inhaling quickly as sharp canines nipped at his digit before Hannibal drew it between his lips, soothing it as he lathed the spot with his tongue.

"Under normal circumstances, you would be correct. However, as always Will, you are the exception to the rule. I find myself rather taken with the idea of being able to remember you splayed over my desk while I have to deal with particularly tiresome patients."

"How rude, doctor." Will gave a soft moan as the next nip from those wicked teeth was delivered to the soft skin of his inner thigh. "How quickly can you get us back to Baltimore?"

(~*~)

The answer was quickly.

Twenty-five minutes after he had reached orgasm at Hannibal's fingers and tongue in a Bentley parked at the side of the road, Will found himself spread face down over the desk in Hannibal's office naked but for his panties. Turning his head, he watched as Hannibal stripped off his coat and jacket before making a start on the buttons of his vest, causing Will to roll his eyes and speak up.

"If you think I'm waiting for you to remove and fold your clothes to your exacting standards then you have another thing coming. I will pay for your bloody dry-cleaning if necessary, just get over here and fuck me."

Hannibal raised an eyebrow at Will's words but inclined his head, even as he started to roll up his shirt-sleeves. "As you wish, mylimasis."

Will set his head back down on the desk, squirming slightly and straining his hearing to try and hear Hannibal's footsteps. Unsurprisingly, Hannibal was as silent as a cat and Will had no inkling that Hannibal was behind him until Hannibal's hands wrapped around Will's wrists, moving his hands so that they were holding onto the opposite edge of the desk.

"Don't move them."

Surrendering to Hannibal once more, Will did as he was told, raising his hips eagerly as he felt Hannibal's now lubricated fingers return to his hole, still slightly tacky from Hannibal's previous actions. Given their previous activities, Hannibal's preparations weren't extensive, his cock swiftly replacing his fingers, Will groaning as he was steadily filled until Hannibal's balls were pressed up against Will's ass. Will spread his legs as best as he could, rising up slightly onto the balls of his feet and moaning deep in his chest as Hannibal's bulk pressed him into the wood of the desk.

As Hannibal started to move, Will cast his inhibitions aside. Well, the few that he had left. He didn't care about the noises that were escaping him; the keens, the whimpers, the wordless cries and incoherent begging for more. The sounds mixed with the grunts that Will could feel vibrating through from Hannibal's chest and the slap of skin on skin. Turning his head, he mutely begged for a kiss that Hannibal granted him, biting Will's lips bloody until their kiss was tinged with the flavour of copper, even as his rhythm didn't falter. All Will could do was lie there and take it, letting Hannibal use his body until Hannibal came with a shout, filling Will with his release.

Will whined as Hannibal's hand reached inside the sodden fabric of his panties and took his cock in hand. Despite his earlier release, Will was hard again and, as Hannibal stroked him firmly, Will managed to come a second time, a few dribbles of come smearing over Hannibal's fingers.

Panting harshly, Will felt his lips quirk slightly as he spoke. "Have to say Hannibal, I don't think I'm going to be able to look at your office the same way again."

"You and I both, William."

# Chapter 3

Will had been right; neither of them had been able to look at Hannibal's office the same after, well, after Hannibal had taken Will apart and fucked him over the desk. They may not have availed themselves of the desk again but the same couldn't be said for the chaise longue – where Will had writhed as Hannibal had done his utmost to drive Will insane with lust, using his hands and lips to bring Will to the brink of orgasm again and again before finally letting him fall over the edge – or indeed Hannibal's desk chair where Will had taken his revenge and ridden Hannibal slowly until fingers were digging painfully into his hips and a litany of Lithuanian was falling from Hannibal's lips, his usual composure completely and utterly abandoned.

It maybe wasn't an ideal relationship by conventional standards, but it worked perfectly for them.

Even so, it was by no means perfect. Will still felt uncomfortable being surrounded by all of the wealth and trappings that came with Hannibal's Baltimore home. Oh, there were certain things that he quite liked – Hannibal's study, his bed linen with the ridiculously high thread count and the ludicrously large bath-tub that easily fit both of them all ranked highly on the list as did the fact that he got to eat Hannibal's cooking on a regular basis, but the fact remained that Will was, at heart, a simple man. Hannibal was being inordinately patient over Will's need to spend time at Wolf Trap now and again and his refusal to appear at social events as Hannibal's plus one, but Will knew that that wouldn't last forever.

Sooner or later, Will was going to have to make a decision; embrace everything that a relationship with Hannibal entailed, social situations and all, or break things off. Given that Will had barely batted an eyelid at the prospect of starting a relationship with the Chesapeake Ripper, he'd be pretty fucking stupid to break things off with Hannibal over a few dinner parties and the odd excursion out to some pretentious event. Besides, he didn't think he could give up the sex. Or the lingerie. And honestly, how bad could a few trips to the opera and a couple of ostentatious dinner parties really be?

His decision made, Will set about trying to become as comfortable with living with Hannibal as possible, including starting to make initial enquiries about homes for some of the dogs. Will wasn't willing to give them all up – Winston would definitely be staying with him and if Hannibal didn't like it, then Will had methods of persuasion – but all relationships needed some compromise and if Will was willing to put on a monkey suit, give a vague attempt at being sociable and sit through hours of culture with the pretentious High Society of Baltimore then Hannibal would have to accept a bit of dog hair.

Will couldn't hold back a smirk at the thought of Hannibal in one of his pristine suits covered in dog hair or the retribution that Hannibal would undoubtedly demand as recompense. No, their relationship was hardly conventional but, if it were, then it wouldn't be them. Besides, where was the fun in conventional?

~*~

Will had returned to Hannibal's home one evening, quietly seething with anger. He didn't mind the games that he and Hannibal played. In fact, he rather enjoyed them and, in all honestly, they could probably be regarded as foreplay but something about this time had him particularly riled up. He had followed his nose to the kitchen and the sight of Hannibal, shirt sleeves rolled up and apron tied around his waist temporarily diverted Will's fury. There was just something about Hannibal like this, all calm and confident, so clearly in his element that never failed to turn Will on, especially when he was using the knives. And no, Will really didn't want to dwell on what that said about him. And then Hannibal looked up and Will remembered why he was angry.

"Is there something you want to tell me, Hannibal?"

Hannibal smiled, calmly continuing to chop the herbs for whatever ostentatious creation they were having for dinner. It was a look that Will wanted to smack off his stupidly perfect face. "Whatever are you talking about, dear Will?"

"Cut the crap, Hannibal. The lack of kills, cooking all my favourite means, the sex? Sending a bouquet of flowers identical to those used at the last Ripper scene to my office with a card clearly signed by you? Jack may be inexplicably slow and blinkered where the Ripper is concerned but he's far from stupid and the last thing I want is to see you locked away because you got too arrogant."

"Very well." Hannibal inclined his head and continued with his preparations.

Will sighed, knowing that was as close as he was going to get to an apology/agreement from Hannibal. "Well? Are you going to tell me what you wanted?"

"The Baltimore Opera is staging a new production of Monteverdi's *L'Orfeo* and I have acquired tickets to the premiere. I was hoping that you might join me."

"You surprise me. Nothing to do with Achilles and Patrocles? Or do they not appear in opera?"

"On the contrary. There are at least six operas and an oratorio which include Achilles among the characters, however Patrocles appears but rarely. Of those, only Lully's *Achille et Polyxène* is ever performed and given that the work was completed by Collasse when Lully died, I can't help but find the work somewhat below-par."

"Okay, so L'Orfeo. I'm guessing that's Orpheus, the Underworld and all that jazz?"

"It's far more than that. Monteverdi's opera is the earliest of its art form that is performed on a regular basis. It…"

"Hannibal, I don't need the potted history. I assume you need me here dressed in a monkey suit at some point…"

"Friday. I have taken the liberty of having a suitable outfit prepared for you."

“Of course, you have.” Will’s words may have been muttered under his breath, but Hannibal clearly heard them if the slight purse of his lips was any indication.

“I’ve also taken the liberty of purchasing a box for the evening rather than my usual seat in the stalls so as to lessen the amount of socialising that you will be required to do, although some interaction with my social circle will be required.”

Will softened slightly. But only slightly. “And what would you require as recompense for this?”

“Do you think you could leave work early on Friday? Say 3pm?”

“Are you going to tell me what this is about?”

“I would prefer for it to remain a mystery.”

“Okay, surprise it is. Doesn’t exactly fill me with reassurance but okay. I’ll be here as soon after 3 as I can. Now, what are we having for dinner?”

~*~

To Will’s surprise, he actually found himself looking forward to the Friday evening excursion to the opera. Oh, he was certain that he wasn’t going to enjoy the forced social interaction and he was pretty certain that he was going to detest some of those that Hannibal considered to be acquaintances but, in a weird way, he was looking forward to a date night like that shared by normal couples. He’d been listening to more classical music than ever since he started officially seeing Hannibal and, while it wasn’t all to his taste, he had developed an appreciation for the intricacies of the music. Besides, it would be nice to share something with Hannibal that he so clearly enjoyed that wasn’t, you know, murder. Then again, Will was positive that they’d get to that at some point in the future and he found that he wasn’t as averse to the idea as he probably should be.

Hannibal had said that he had had a suitable outfit prepared which meant a tux for Will to be trussed up in and, knowing Hannibal, new underthings which Will definitely had no objection to. While Hannibal’s often ostentatious taste rankled with Will when it came to certain things, it didn’t when it came to Will’s proclivities. Will had completely abandoned wearing any of the items that he had bought himself, infinitely preferring the exquisite items that Hannibal gifted him with, each and every one of them appearing beautifully wrapped in delicate tissue and packed into boxes or bags with the names of the shops discreetly embossed upon them. Will never thanked Hannibal verbally. Instead, the pieces found their way into his wardrobe and then onto his body which Hannibal seemed to accept as thanks enough.

An idea struck Will then, a way to make the evening infinitely more pleasurable both for himself and for Hannibal. Will knew how much Hannibal liked seeing Will in items that Hannibal had purchased for him; it was clear in the almost worshipful look in Hannibal’s eyes, the reverential way that his hands ran over Will’s body. However, there was nothing that said Will couldn’t buy his own lingerie. Armed with the names of the shops that Hannibal usually favoured and with the knowledge that they had a box reserved at the opera, Will proceeded to make his plans.

(~*~)

Two days after Hannibal's request, Will cancelled his office hours and, turning his phone off so as to avoid any last-minute phone calls to a crime scene from Jack, drove into Baltimore. He had a couple of places written down that Hannibal had used before that he intended to visit. An hour after he had parked his car, he left the first shop feeling more than a little mortified and a bit humiliated after his experience at the hands of the shop assistant. He appreciated that it wasn't usual for men to wear women's lingerie, but it was hardly the worst kink in the world and it was far from unheard of. Yet, this woman had made him feel ridiculously small. There was a small part of him that was tempted to tell Hannibal about her words – apparently men who wore female lingerie were sick and twisted and should be dealt with – but he couldn't quite reconcile himself to doing so, knowing that she would undoubtedly end up as either pate or sausages or who knew what for her rudeness. Feeling a little disheartened but not enough to turn tail and run, he plucked up his courage and tried the second shop.

This time, he was more successful. Unlike the first shop, the sales assistant was younger and far less judgemental when Will admitted in something that could only be described as a mumble that the recipient of his shopping would be himself. On the contrary, she was positively eager and actually looked as though she was about five seconds away from clapping her hands and squealing in delight. She had then proceeded a lot of questions as to Will's preferred colour, cut, fabric and what kind of occasion Will would be wearing them for. Feeling inordinately relieved that the shop was empty bar himself, Will had answered all of her questions and then allowed himself to be ushered into the fitting rooms with a selection of items to try on. It felt a little strange to actually be trying things on; before Hannibal, Will had always just bought things online and hoped that they fitted.

There was none of that today. The shop assistant – call me Elle – was a veritable whirlwind, thrusting a veritable haul of panties on him in all varieties and proving that she didn't care a jot for Will's modesty, pulling the curtain open to check the fit. Were it not for the fact that her irreverent enthusiasm sort of reminded him of Bev, he would have done something about it. Still, while the items were undeniably gorgeous and there were a few that his fingers had lingered over for just a little longer, he had yet to see or try on the item that felt right for Hannibal's surprise. When he blanched, shaking his head furiously over a pair of fuschia-pink satin panties with a horrific large satin bow in the same shade on the seat, Elle deflated somewhat just as Will did.

"Okay, let's go through this again. Your fancy pants lover, boyfriend, whatever you want to call him is taking you to the opera and you want to give him a sexy surprise, yes?"

Will nodded.

"Now, opera. What seats are we talking? Centre of the stalls or nose-bleed with the riff-raff?"

"Box seats?"

A wolf-whistle greeted Will's words. "Mr Fancy Pants has serious money then. Okay, well, box seats can hide all sorts of mischief … hold on, I think I have the perfect thing for you."

Will hovered awkwardly, trying to resist the urge to cover himself with his jacket as he waited for her to return. When she did, it was with a pair of relatively unassuming black lace panties, far less elaborate than most of the items that he had tried on and similar to several items that could already be found in his dresser drawers. Arching an eyebrow in silent question, he got a wicked grin in return.

"Okay, so these may look like your regular black lace panties but they're not. For a start, check out the back." Elle flipped the panties around and Will immediately saw what she was talking about, his hand reaching out involuntarily although he stopped short of actually touching them. "These are called corset knickers. You can have them laced as tightly or as loose as you want," a waggle of her eyebrows had Will blushing, "real easy to slide down your trousers and slide something else in, if you know what I mean. They're French lace and super soft; they also won't be visible under whatever ridiculously expensive tailored tux your man buys you."

"How did you know it would be tailored?"

"Lucky guess. Go on, try them on."

Will took the item and wrenched the curtain shut behind him, hearing her voice from the other side. "You've got amazing legs … have you ever thought about stockings?"

Will snorted. "Yeah, amazingly hairy legs."

"That's what razors exist for. Have you got them on yet?"

"Nearly!" Will pulled the fabric up his thighs and settled it comfortably, barely able to suppress a moan, both at the way the panties felt and looked. He was so enthralled that he barely reacted when the curtain was yanked aside, and he was greeted with a breathy "Whoah!"

"Okay, so you're buying them. Just … you know, try not to get too excited this minute."

Blushing hotly again, Will removed the panties with one last admiring look in the mirror and made his way to the cash desk. He watched as they were wrapped in delicate tissue paper and placed into a waiting box. The total bill made him gulp slightly as he handed over his credit card – one scrap of lace had just cost him the same as two months food for the dogs – but then he knew that it would be well worth the reaction that he would get from Hannibal. He was halfway out the door when he heard Elle call out to him.

"Sir? I put a pair of stockings in there, just in case you fancy it. Knock Mr Fancy Pants dead!"

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On the Friday, Will kept his promise to Hannibal and, once again, cancelled his office hours and was on the road heading to Baltimore within five minutes of his class finishing. The only thing that he had with him was the little box of lingerie that he had purchased two days ago, and which had sat on his kitchen counter ever since, ramping up his anticipation. Enough of

his belongings had migrated to Hannibal's house that, between them and the items of clothing in Will's size that kept materialising in the drawers that Hannibal had cleared for him, he didn't need to bother with an overnight bag anymore. Besides, he was relatively certain that he'd be spending most of the weekend naked and, if clothes were a necessity, then that's what Hannibal's dressing gowns and shirts existed for. It hadn't taken Will long at all to realise that Hannibal liked seeing Will in his clothes almost more than Will liked wearing them; who would have thought that cannibals were such possessive creatures?

"Hannibal?" Despite the Bentley in the drive, there was no reply as Will let himself into the house and no sign of Hannibal in either the kitchen or the study, which were his usual haunts, so Will made his way upstairs. "Hannibal?"

The man himself appeared as Will walked across the upstairs landing, approaching the master bedroom and Will had to take a few minutes to concentrate on his breathing. Hannibal was still in the suit that he had obviously been wearing while he saw his morning patients, but he had removed his jacket, waistcoat and tie, leaving him in his trousers and shirt sleeves. It was the shirt-sleeves that had Will trying as hard as he could not to whimper. Hannibal had rolled them up his forearms – as he tended to when cooking – and, quite frankly, Will found it to be as good as porn. Forcing his eyes away from Hannibal's arms and ignoring the slight smirk playing on Hannibal's lips that said the bastard knew exactly what he was doing, Will spoke.

"Well, it's 3:03, Doctor Lecter and I'm here as requested. Where do you want me?"

"In the bath, if you please."

"The bath?" That … hadn't been the answer that Will was expecting but he was kind of used to fielding the unexpected with Hannibal and allowed himself to be ushered into the master bedroom's en-suite where the overly large and somewhat pretentious (at least to Will's mind) bathtub had already been filled and was steaming. Admittedly, he didn't bitch about it being overly large and pretentious when Hannibal joined him in said bath. Speaking of which … "And are you going to be joining me?"

"Alas, no. I had intended to prepare us a light supper before we depart. Enjoy your bath and there is a glass of 2009 Chateau Margaux on the counter. Please stay in the bath until I return."

"Okay." Will knew his boyfriend was strange, but this was a little confusing, even by Hannibal standards. Still, Will accepted the kiss that Hannibal bestowed upon on his lips and stripped before climbing into the bath, snagging the glass of wine as he did so.

It felt inordinately indulgent to be lying in a steaming hot bath in the middle of the afternoon on a work day, the wine and the oils that Hannibal had added to the water making everything seem even more luxurious and decadent. Instead of feeling guilty, Will forced himself to relax and found it easier than he had expected to let his thoughts drift and think of nothing at all. By the time that Hannibal returned, Will had drained the wine and was all but dozing in the still warm water, completely and utterly relaxed.

"You look relaxed."

“I am.” Will let his head lol on the rim of the bath so that he could see Hannibal where he stood in the doorway, a small smile playing on the doctor’s lips. “Unbelievably relaxed. I would ask what my chances are of persuading you to join me and skip the opera, but I know it’s zero.”

“It is. I have plans for this evening that I intend to see through and all attempts to derail them will be futile. However, if I could implore you to stay for the weekend then a second bath – for the both of us, this time – could be easily arranged.”

“Well it’ a good job that I’ve got someone looking after the dogs for the weekend, isn’t it? Now, I have taken a bath and relaxed as requested. What else do you want of me, Doctor Lecter?”

Will sat up a little straighter in the bath as Hannibal visibly considered what he was about to say, swallowing heavily before he finally spoke.

“I want you to trust me.”

“Hannibal…”

Whatever Will was going to say died in his throat as Hannibal withdrew a beautifully tooled leather case from beneath the sink and opened it to reveal an old-fashioned straight razor and its assorted accoutrements. Will’s heart was in his throat. He was perfectly aware of what Hannibal was asking, the depth behind his statement, and there was no way that Hannibal was unaware of the significance either. This was it, yet another defining moment in their relationship, just like when Will had decided to not divulge the fact that he knew the identity of the Chesapeake Ripper or when Hannibal had left him a love letter in the form of a murder scene. And, just like each of those times, Will knew that there was no need to think about it; he had already made his decision.

“Yes, Hannibal. I trust you.”

Standing, Will resisted the urge to cover himself up and instead took Hannibal’s hand, allowing himself to be assisted out of the bathtub. Will expected to be handed a towel, but Hannibal didn’t let him dry off at all. Instead, he laid a towel on the counter next to the sink and hoisted Will up onto it. Will leant back on his elbows and watched as Hannibal prepared the shaving foam and stropped the razor ready to begin shaving. Hannibal was still fully dressed and, with his shirt sleeves rolled up his forearms, Will could see the muscles flexing and resisted the urge to moan, although his traitorous cock gave a twitch of interest. Fucking hell, this could be classed as porn. His pulse was already starting to race in anticipation and Hannibal had barely done anything yet.

Will’s breath quickened as Hannibal took his foot and braced it against one clothed shoulder and started to lather up Will’s skin. By the time that Hannibal was half-way through shaving his first leg, Will was already more turned on than he had ever been. He wasn’t unused to being the centre of Hannibal’s intense focus, but there was something different about this. He didn’t know what it was but, in truth, it could be one of many things. It could be the care that Hannibal was taking, the warmth in his eyes, the way that his hands and his gaze never wavered sent shivers down Will’s spine. Despite the sharpness of the blade or the knowledge

of who and what Hannibal was, Will never doubted his safety. What he definitely hadn't expected, given that there was a blade involved, was how damn erotic he would find the whole situation. Or maybe he had expected it but hadn't wanted to acknowledge it. Will's entire world narrowed to the feel of Hannibal's hands on him, the gentleness as he manoeuvred Will to where he needed him to be, the rasp of the razor blade over his skin and the warmth of Hannibal's breath over Will's over-sensitised skin. Once both legs had been completely denuded, Will's sock was straining against his stomach, not least from the way that Hannibal's breath had ghosted hotly over his cock when Hannibal had been shaving the area at the apex of Will's thighs. With both of his legs shaved, Will managed to hold still long enough for Hannibal to wipe away any excess shaving foam but when he tried to move, he found himself pinioned as Hannibal moved back onto his knees rather than helping Will down from the counter.

"Hannibal, what the fuck?"

Will's head thudded back against the mirror at the feel of Hannibal's tongue against his newly shaved and overly-sensitised flesh. It wasn't the first time that this had happened since their encounter in the Bentley but, even so, it still amused Will to no end that he was being eaten out by the Chesapeake Ripper, the knowledge that this was far from the first human flesh that Hannibal had consumed amusing him to no end. He didn't find it quite so amusing when Hannibal was forced to pinion his hips to the counter while he continued his torment of Will. And then, just as Will was approaching climax, Hannibal pulled back, leaving Will teetering on the edge and cursing his lover.

"Supper will be ready in 5 minutes. I have left clothing on the bed for you."

Will bit back the urge to curse out loud and instead waited for Hannibal to leave the room before he slid from the counter, his deflating cock. As he moved out into the bedroom, he saw not only a tuxedo laid out on the bed but a box bearing the distinctive packaging of the first shop that Will had visited. He snuck a peek and smirked, knowing that the item would make it into his collection in the not too distant future. However, for this evening, Will had his own plans.

He had planned on ignoring the stockings that he had been gifted but, given what had just happened, he decided to experiment. At the first slide of fabric against his newly shaved skin, Will had had to bite back the moan that wanted to rip itself from his throat. He carefully pulled the fabric up to his thighs, adjusting it so that the self-adhesive band settled securely before pulling on the second stocking. That done, he pulled on the panties, tucking his half-hard cock into the cotton gusset, feeling it swell further at the feeling of lace against sensitive flesh. Will took a minute to glance in the full-length mirror that Hannibal kept in the bedroom and couldn't quite believe the sight that he saw; even he thought that he looked somewhat alluring. The suit, when he finally slipped it on, was nothing like he had ever worn before. It fit so perfectly that Will knew that Hannibal had to have taken his measurements somehow, but he didn't really want to think about that too much. The quality of both the fabric and the cut was undeniable and, once he was dressed, Will barely recognised what he saw in the mirror before he left the room and descended the stairs.

Sitting through the supper that Hannibal had prepared was an exquisite torment. Hannibal had obviously used one of the guest rooms to dress and was dressed in formalwear that Will was overcome with the urge to just rip off him. For his own part, Will was hyperaware of every single movement that he made, the sumptuous fabric of the tailored tuxedo rubbing against his denuded skin while the lace brushed against his half-hard cock. It was going to be torturous waiting until they were at the opera house, but Will was determined to carry out his plan to the letter.

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In the end, Will waited until the end of the interval to reveal his surprise. They had arrived late enough that they could avoid most of the other patrons, slipping into their box just as the announcement was made reminding the audience to turn mobile phones off and that photography and recordings were forbidden. Will saw that their arrival hadn't gone unnoticed, but the lights dimmed before too many people could see them and then Will was lost in the fields of Thrace. For all that he had never attended an opera before, Will found himself enjoying himself far more than he had expected. Maybe it was the way that Monteverdi managed to somehow both understand and represent humanity through the music but, whatever it was, Will found himself able to close his eyes and watch the images play.

Unfortunately for him, some of the worst of humanity mobbed them at the interval, all of them eager for Hannibal's attention. He hadn't been wrong that these particular patrons were precisely the patronising snobbish people that he had expected. Even so, Will found himself taken aback by the rudeness of some of them and couldn't help but amuse himself by wondering which of them had made it onto Hannibal's list of potential ingredients. By the time that he was halfway down his glass of champagne, he already had a shortlist of five. If he included the ones that looked at him as though he were an exhibit in a zoo, simply due to the presence of Hannibal's arm around his waist, he was up to ten. There was one woman who intrigued him, a Mrs Irene Komeda, who looked at Will as though she knew precisely what his intentions were for the evening and gave him a rather conspiratorial look as Hannibal shepherded him back to their box, his hand dipping lower on Will's back than propriety would demand.

As they approached their box, Will slowed his steps so that they entered the box just at the same time that the lights dimmed for the second half of the opera. Instead of allowing Hannibal to move towards the front seats of the box that they had originally occupied, Will held them back in favour of the seats that sat behind the deep crimson curtains. Pushing Hannibal down into one of the seats, Will slipped into his lap, muttering in Hannibal's ear as he did so.

"I have a surprise for you."

There was a nip to the tendon in Will's neck, causing him to tip his head in delight, before Hannibal spoke. "And what might that be, my beautiful boy?"

Will didn't speak but instead undid his trousers and slid Hannibal's hand inside, letting those fingers explore not just the panties but where the lace tops of his stockings met the flesh of Will's thighs. Hannibal's moan echoed loudly in Will's ear and made him smile, feeling it widen with Hannibal's words.

“Ah, my mongoose, I fear you will be the death of me.”

With Hannibal’s actions, Will feared that it may actually be the other way around. For the next hour, the entire duration of acts 3, 4 and 5, Hannibal tormented Will. His fingers roamed constantly, trailing along the bare skin between the stocking tops and the panties, teasing Will through the fabric. Finally, just as Will no longer cared about the fact that they were in public, Hannibal pulled his trousers down to the top of his thighs and, in the process, discovered the laces at the back of the panties.

“What a naughty boy you are, William.”

“You love it, don’t lie.”

Will had prepared himself before they had come out and now, as deft fingers pulled apart the laces on his panties before delving into him, his resultant moan was almost audible over the sound of the orchestra. He writhed in need as Hannibal fingered him open excruciatingly slowly, knowing that their movements couldn’t have gone unnoticed by everyone but not caring enough to stop. If people realised what he and Hannibal were doing, let them watch for all he cared. Finally, just as Will was reaching the point of ultimate frustration, he felt Hannibal fumbling beneath him at the fastenings of his own trousers, shoving them aside just enough to release his cock so that he could seat Will on it.

Given their position, they were somewhat limited but, even so, Will did his best to undulate in Hannibal’s lap. He leant back against Hannibal, arching his back to drive Hannibal’s cock as deep as he could, whimpering as it brushed against his prostate with every thrust. The speed that Hannibal set was tantalising and frustrating in equal measure, Will’s cock steadily leaking pre-come into the gusset of his panties as he tried to control the volume of his moans and whimpers as the music dropped in dynamics for the resolution of Orpheus’ story before they reached the final moresca of the opera.

The intricate violin melody and clash of drums and tambourines just barely hidden the sounds escaping Will as he strove for release, whilst the triumphant shouts of ‘brava’ that echoed around the theatre immediately following the last chords hid his cry as he reached his peak. As the audience around them surged to their feet, applauding the singers and musicians wildly, Will slumped into Hannibal, chest heaving as he tried to catch his breath. He knew that they didn’t have long. He may never have been to the opera before, but he doubted that there would be endless curtain calls and he had no desire to get caught. As it was, he was going to have to leave in panties soaked with both his and Hannibal’s come. Will had the urge to apologise for ruining a pair of trousers that he didn’t even want to think about the price of, but he had the feeling that Hannibal couldn’t give a damn about the cost.

Even knowing the time constraints upon them, Will couldn’t resist clenching around Hannibal’s softening cock, smiling at the resulting moan that vibrated against the back of his neck. Turning his head to the side, Will kissed Hannibal softly before smirking.

“I think I should come to the opera more often. I had no idea it could be this pleasurable.” Will’s smirk grew at the hitched breath that his words induced and the way that Hannibal’s cock gave a twitch of interest inside him.

“Your presence will always be welcome, whenever you choose to join me, mylimasis.” Hannibal’s tone still had a strangled edge, but he was clearly recovering his composure. “In the meantime, if I may suggest that we adjourn to my home; I believe that I need to take a closer look at my gift.”

“I’d have to agree with you.”

Yeah, Will could get used to the finer things.

End Notes

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